

The most lamentable Tragedie

Tamora. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clowne. Tis he, God and Saint Stephen giue you godden,
 I haue brought you a letter and a couple of pidgicns heere.

Hee reades the Letter.

Satur. Goe take him away, and hang him presently?
Clowne. How much money must I haue.
Tamora. Come sirra you must be hanged.
Clowne. Hangd be Lady, then I haue brought vp a necke
 to a faire end.

Exit.

Satur. Dispiightfull and intollerable wrongs,
 Shall I endure this monstrous villanie?
 I know from whence this same deuise proceedes.
 May this be borne, as if his trayterous sonnes,
 That dyde by law for murther of our brother,
 Haue by my meanes been butchered wrongfully.
 Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape priuiledge,
 For this proude mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man,
 Sly franticke wretch, that holpst to make me great,
 In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and mee.

Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emillius. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
 The Gothes haue gathered head, and with a power
 Of high resolued men, bent to the spoyle,
 They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
 Of *Lucius*, sonne to old *Andronicus*,
 Who threatens in course of this reuenge to doe

of Titus Andronicus.

As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes,
 These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grasse beate downe with stormes.
 I now begins our sorrowes to approach,
 Tis he the common people loue so much,
 My selfe hath often heard them say,
 When I haue walked like a priuate man,
 That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
 And they haue wisht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tamora. Why should you feare, is not your Citty strong?

King. I but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
 And will reuolt from me to succour him.

Tamora. *King*, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 Is the Sunne dimd, that Gnats doe flie in it,
 The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody.
 Euen so mayest thou the giddy men of Rome,
 Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
 I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
 Then baits to fish, or honey stalks to sheepe,
 When as the one is wounded with the baite,
 The other rotted with delicious feede.

King. But he will not intreate his sonne for vs.

Tamora. If *Tamora* intreate him than he will,
 For I can smooth and fill his aged cares,
 With golden promises, that were his hart
 Almost impregnable, his old yeares deafe,
 Yet should both eare and hart obey my tongue.
 Goethou before to be our Embassadour,
 Say that the Emperour requests a parly,

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